

[At Last](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

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"Oh?" Ignis asked, a frankly ridiculous amount of innocence in his voice, considering he'd been lying there with his shirt unbuttoned. "Remind me what exactly I owe you, my dear."

"I think your exact words were 'I'm going to fucking destroy you'."

Ignis and Gladio finally get some time alone in the hotel room.

At Last

Author's Note:

My outline for this was: "Just Iggy absolutely fucking destroying Gladio. With his dick."

He probably could have destroyed a little harder, but I've never written them before so I'm a bit vanilla with it BUT THEY HAVE A GOOD TIME. It's just nearly 3k worth of smut, y'all.

Ignis was halfway through reading over a recipe book Noct had picked up when the bathroom door opened, and he didn't have the time to shut the book and set it aside before he ended up with a lapful of Gladio, who was still a bit damp and almost entirely nude, save for the towel wrapped around his waist.

"They gone?" he asked, although Ignis doubted Gladio would be kissing him quite so thoroughly if Noct and Prompto were still sitting on the other bed.

"Indeed. I imagine they'll be a while yet." The two of them were across the street at the Crow's Nest, and Prompto had already texted Ignis two pictures, as though he didn't know what Noct playing pinball looked like.

"Good," Gladio said, kissing him again, Ignis's ungloved hands tangling in his damp hair. "Pretty sure you promised me something."

"Oh?" Ignis asked, a frankly ridiculous amount of innocence in his voice, considering he'd been lying there with his shirt unbuttoned. "Remind me what exactly I owe you, my dear."

"I think your exact words were 'I'm going to fucking destroy you'," Gladio quoted.

Ignis managed to set his book on the bedside table. He tsk'd at Gladio, fingers tracing the length of his collarbone as he corrected him. "My exact

words were, in fact, 'I'm going to fucking destroy you *with my cock*'."

He could feel the shiver go through Gladio, who muttered, "yeah, how'd I forget that part," before surging forward to kiss him again. He pushed Ignis back into the pillows, holding him close, and it was the kind of kiss that would have utterly overwhelmed Ignis back when their relationship was newly formed. Now, it was no less exhilarating, but Ignis could keep his head a bit more, could focus enough to push at the right angle to flip them, settling himself firmly atop Gladio, holding his chin between forefinger and thumb and forcing Gladio to look at him.

Not that he'd be looking elsewhere, anyway.

Ignis could feel Gladio's Adam's apple bob against his knuckles as he swallowed, his thumbs tucking into Ignis's belt on either side. "Take this off?" he asked. "Take it all off actually, shit."

"And what if I'd rather tease you a bit longer?" he asked, pushing Gladio's hands away.

"I mean, yeah, not gonna tell you to stop, but—" Gladio squirmed under him, like he was trying to grind against him, but Ignis was sat too far forward. "Listen, Iggy, I trust those two to spend a good amount of time distracting themselves with dinner and arcade games, but not enough for whatever the hell you look like you're planning right now."

"Ruin my fun, why don't you," Ignis teased, unbuckling his belt despite his pretense of dragging things out. "Perhaps if you hadn't taken so long in the shower."

"C'mon, as if you'd let me in your bed if I still smelled like monster guts." Gladio reached up to gently remove Ignis's glasses, folding them and setting them in their case on the side table.

Ignis's nose wrinkled just thinking about it. "Yes, well, I can't fault you for that logic."

Gladio sat up, tucking a hand in the back of Ignis's collar to drag his shirt all the way off, leaving it in a pile on the bedsheets. It would wrinkle, but Ignis couldn't find it in him to care. There must have been an iron somewhere in the motel, anyway. He lamented the fact that he had to get off of Gladio to strip out of his pants, but Gladio waited patiently as Ignis settled between his legs. Gladio sat up halfway to kiss Ignis, a hand on the back of his head to steady him.

"Been too long," he said against Ignis's mouth as Ignis untucked the towel around his waist. He hummed in agreement, his hand around Gladio's cock before Gladio could so much as kiss him again.

Gladio ducked his head, and Ignis could feel Gladio's teeth against his neck, the sharp burst of pain and the soft pleasure of Gladio kissing the marks he left startling a soft noise out of him. Ignis squeezed his cock, pressing his thumb just below the head and Gladio pressed his face to Ignis's shoulder, muffling what sounded like a curse there.

As Ignis continued to stroke his cock, Gladio's head fell back against the pillows and his back arched as he thrust into Ignis's touch. Ignis knew they would reach a point soon where Gladio would get fed up with waiting—ah, there. Gladio grasped his wrist, stilling his motions.

"Ignis. Hurry it up, there's lube in my bag."

If they had longer, Ignis would have waited until he was begging, but desperate times, et cetera. He gave Gladio's cock one last squeeze before pulling away. "And why would I do that?" he asked, a telltale shimmer coloring the air around them as the armiger opened.

"Fuck, you still keep that in there? Iggy. We've talked about this," Gladio said, as an unmarked bottle appeared in Ignis's hand.

"We have. And I still fail to understand why the rest of you don't take advantage of the ability."

"It's for *weapons*," Gladio protested, "the power of the King isn't supposed to be used to—" and here, he cut himself off with a low moan as Ignis

slipped a lubricated finger inside him, summarily winning the argument.

Also: "Noct has a fishing pole in his."

Gladio just responded with, "fuck, *Ignis*," rather than continuing the debate, and Ignis's grin widened to show his teeth. It took a lot to fluster Gladio, but Ignis had been with him long enough that he knew exactly what was necessary. And he'd always been good with his hands. He worked Gladio over with his fingers until he was sweating and squirming beneath him, Ignis's smile a little too sharp as he applied pressure to Gladio's perineum with his thumb, making him shout aloud.

"Are you quite ready?" Ignis asked him.

"That depends," Gladio said, "what're you gonna do to me?"

Ignis removed his fingers but didn't deny him stimulation entirely, squeezing his balls and grasping his cock again, stroking him too slowly and too gently to be entirely fulfilling. "I'll need you to turn over—up on your knees, so that I can take you from behind." Gladio obeyed, giving Ignis a moment to spread more lube over his own cock and wipe his fingers on the towel Gladio had been dressed in. "Like that, dear, that's good," he said, pressing himself against Gladio's back.

Gladio leaned back against him, twisting around to kiss him, which would have been significantly less awkward if Ignis was the one in front, given their height difference. As it were, things were a bit sloppy, indicative of just how desperate Gladio was becoming.

"Do lean forward before you knock me over, Gladiolus," Ignis urged. He was strong enough that he could take most of Gladio's weight, but he did intend to make Gladio go completely boneless, and that was certainly more than he could hold up.

Gladio didn't move until Ignis pressed his thumbs into his ass, spreading him so that he could rub the head of his cock against Gladio's entrance, not pushing in yet, just teasing. "Cut that the fuck out," Gladio urged him,

gripping the headboard, his knuckles white. "Do I gotta remind you we don't have all night?"

"Impatient," Ignis chided him, swatting at his ass. "Stop complaining, or I'll tie you up and leave you here."

"Don't make empty threats, Iggy," Gladio said, grinning at him over his shoulder, "I know you want this as much as I do."

He wasn't wrong. It was nearing two weeks since the last time they'd been together, and Ignis, with his knees over Gladio's shoulders, had promised that next time it was his turn. Nothing short of Gladio asking him to stop would make Ignis give up this night.

Ignis ran his hands down Gladio's shoulder, his back, palms tracing the swoop of feathers inked in his skin. He pressed a kiss to the nape of Gladio's neck, a remarkably tender gesture that contrasted with the way Ignis entered him, rough and all at once, hard enough to make Gladio shout.

"Too much?" he asked, still gripping Gladio's hips, still balls-deep in him.

Gladio shook his head. "Needed that," he said, "keep going."

He did, as hard and fast as he could without worrying about putting Gladio out of fighting shape the next day. Gladio wasn't a loud person, by any means, but he was the type one would expect to be stoic and silent during sex—except that expectation was entirely untrue when Gladio was the one being fucked.

"You truly *do* need it," Ignis observed, as Gladio let go of the headboard to slump forward into the pillows.

"Yes, I fucking need it—that, keep doing that," he said. Ignis wasn't sure whether he was referring to the way he was pressing Gladio into the mattress with a hand on the back of his neck or at the pace at which Ignis was fucking him, so he resolved to continue doing both.

"It's been far too long since you've taken me like this, wouldn't you agree?" Ignis asked, getting a breathless agreement from Gladio. "I, myself, have been dreadfully in need of a good, hard fuck for *ages*, I'm certain you can tell."

Gladio huffed a laugh. "No shit," he breathed, and then, "*oh*, fuck, think you can go harder?"

"Think you'll be cross with me in the morning if I do?" He was already tugging at Gladio's hips to urge him into a slightly more preferable position.

"Never... never could be mad at you for givin' me what I deserve." Gladio craned his head to look at him just as Ignis's smile turned wicked.

"Then I'll endeavor to give you everything I have," he said, picking up the pace, grasping at Gladio's hair and tugging.

"Yeah," Gladio sighed, "keep that up, and I'll..."

"Do you want me to make you come on just my cock?" he asked, well aware that Gladio had, on several occasions, enjoyed doing so.

He made a gruff noise into the pillow he had his face smashed into. "Takes too long."

"I suppose I'll need a different strategy, then," Ignis said, grasping Gladio's cock, which was already leaking onto the rumpled towel below them. "This won't take long at all."

"*Fuck*. Not wrong there, Iggy."

Well. He was rarely ever wrong, especially when it came to Gladio's pleasure.

As much as Ignis wished they could have the entire night to themselves, he was also quite eager to see Gladio come undone. Although, he reminded himself, the two were not mutually exclusive. If Ignis had his way, he would have brought Gladio to orgasm and then kept going until Gladio had come at *least* three times.

He bent forward, kissing Gladio's shoulder. "Come for me, love," Ignis urged him, "let me take care of you."

"You always do," Gladio said.

The usual sense of satisfaction fell over Ignis as he made Gladio come, swearing into the sheets like the soldier he was.

Almost as soon as Ignis pulled out of him, Gladio rolled over, lying on his back and pulling Ignis into his arms like he'd been starving for a kiss the entire time. Ignis relaxed into the familiar pressure of his mouth, the sweep of his tongue, the way Gladio liked to keep a possessive hand on the back of his neck while they kissed.

"Gladio," Ignis said, before being interrupted with another kiss. "Gladio—I still intend to finish, if you—"

"Mm-hm," Gladio agreed, kissing over the marks he'd left on Ignis's neck at the beginning of this encounter. "How do you want it?"

Ignis smirked, sitting up and pulling himself out of Gladio's grip. He'd wanted Gladio to ask that question and Gladio knew it. "Touch me," he ordered, straddling Gladio's trim waist and then shifting forward a few inches, his hands curling around the headboard where Gladio's had been. "Until I come on your chest, if you please."

"I do," Gladio said, his voice a sleepy rumble but his eyes alert as he looked up at Ignis, his fingers tracing the shape of Ignis's hipbones before following the length of his cock. "Always thought you were more of an ass man, Iggy," he joked.

"I like anything if it's you," Ignis said, and it would have come out much smoother if that hadn't been the moment Gladio decided to start stroking him in earnest. Truth be told, he wasn't quite as affected by the sight of Gladio's bare chest as most were, primarily due to overexposure. However, he *was* rather affected by the image of Gladio underneath him, stroking him until Ignis came on his bare skin, marking him, streaks of white breaking up the lines of his tattoo.

Gladio's free hand gripped his thigh, and Gladio grinned at him like he *knew*, and as much as Ignis wished he could drag this out just to be contrarian, he couldn't keep himself from dropping over that edge, a soft groan of Gladio's name falling from his lips as he came.

After, Gladio looked just as good as Ignis had imagined.

He did try to pull Ignis into his arms, after, which was wholly unacceptable, and Ignis held him at arm's length. "Stop that, you're all sticky, clean yourself up and then you may have me," he said, unable to disguise his laughter at Gladio's eagerness.

Gladio snagged the discarded towel and scrubbed it over his chest, then dropped it over the side of the bed, which was sort of disgusting, but Ignis could complain about that when he wasn't being wrapped up in Gladio.

"Forgot how good you are at that," Gladio said, his calloused hands tracing the length of Ignis's body. Ignis had half a mind to return his touches until they were both riled up again.

"That is unfortunate," he said, "we'll have to do it more often, I wouldn't want you forgetting my competency at anything, much less fucking you until you scream."

He waited for Gladio to come back at him with something snappy, but didn't get a response.

"Gladiolus?"

Ignis lifted his head and realized that Gladio was looking over his shoulder, and judging by the high-pitched attempt at stifling a scream that came from the direction of the door, he could guess what Gladio was looking at.

"Brilliant."

"What the *fuck!?*" Noct shouted. Ignis rolled over to find him and Prompto both standing in the doorway, Prompto with his face buried in his vest like a turtle trying to return to his shell, Noct with his hands pressed over his face.

"My timing may have been...off," Ignis suggested.

"No kidding." Gladio chuckled a pillow in Noct and Prompto's direction, and since they were busy trying to not look, it hit both of them. "Give us five minutes, yeah?"

"Sorry to interrupt!" Prompto squeaked. "We—we can go, if you were about to, uh."

"Maybe they only need five minutes," Noct said, and then he yelped when Gladio tossed another pillow at his head.

"We're finished, now get your asses out so we can put clothes on," he said, and both of them scampered out the door.

"We're getting two rooms next time," Noct said, from the other side of the door.

Ignis made absolutely no move to put his clothes back on, knowing it wouldn't take him five minutes to dress. He kissed Gladio's neck instead, but it devolved into laughter when Gladio groaned like he'd been physically wounded by the other two catching him in the act. Rather, after the act.

"I must admit, I didn't quite imagine them finding out like this," Ignis said.

"Honestly, kinda surprised they didn't already know," Gladio said, moving out of Ignis's clutches to grab his boxers. "Considering all the shit we've done in the tent with the two of them literally a foot away."

Ignis hummed thoughtfully, dressing in his own pajamas. "I'd rather not tell them about that," he said.

"It's like finding out your parents have sex," Prompto complained, *probably loud enough for the entire motel to hear.*

"No it isn't," Noct argued, *"finding that out is much worse."*

"Eww, why do you know that? No, wait, I don't wanna know."

"Good. Wasn't gonna tell you."

Gladio shook his head, clearly having listened in as well. "Want me to let 'em back in?" he asked, standing and heading for the door.

"No," Ignis said. "Kiss me once more, first."

"Never gonna say no to that."

Author's Note:

Sorry, Noct.